

703
TO THE

MEMORY

OF

ALADY Lately Deceased.

A

MONODY.

*Te, dulcis conjux, solo te in littore secum
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

The SECOND EDITION.



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TO THE



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M E M O R Y

OF

A L A D Y Lately Deceased.

I.

AT length escap'd from ev'ry Human Eye,
From ev'ry Duty, ev'ry Care,

That in my mournful Thoughts might claim a Share,
Or force my Tears their flowing Stream to dry,
Beneath the Gloom of this embow'ring Shade
This lone Retreat, for tender Sorrow made
I now may give my burden'd Heart Relief

And pour forth all my Stores of Grief,
Of Grief surpassing ev'ry other Woe
Far as the purest Bliss, the happiest Love

Can on th'ennobled Mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar Joys that move
Our gross Desires, inelegant, and low.

B

II.

II.

Ye tufted Groves, ye gently falling Rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing Hills,
 Ye Lawns gay-smiling with eternal Green,
 Oft have You my Luccr seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:

Nor will she now with fond Delight
 And Taste refin'd your Rural Charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous Eyes in endless Night,
 Those beauteous Eyes where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure Light, and Virtue's Spark Divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these Woods rejoice
 To hear her Heav'nly Voice,
 For Her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest Songsters of the Spring:
 The Woodlark and the Linnet pleas'd no more;

The Nightingale was mute,
 And ev'ry Shepherd's Flute
 Was cast in silent Scorn away
 While all attended to her sweeter Lay.

Ye

Ye Larks and Linnets now resume your Song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel
 Again thy plaintive Story tell,
 For Death has stop't that tuneful Tongue,
 Whose Music could alone your warbling Notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known Ground
 My Lucy's wonted Footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender Talk
 We saw the Summer Sun go down the Sky;
 Nor by yon Fountain's Side
 Nor where its Waters glide
 Along the Valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd Prospect's ample Bound
 No more my mournful Eye
 Can ought of Her espy,
 But the sad facred Earth where her dear Relics lie.

V.

O Shades of *H—y*, where is now your Boast?
 Your bright Inhabitant is lost.

You

You ſhe prefer'd to all the gay Reforts
 Where female Vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
 The Pomp of Cities, and the Pride of Courts.
 Her modeſt Beauties ſhun'd the public Eye:

To your ſequeſtered Dales
 And flow'r-embroider'd Vales

From an admiring World ſhe choſe to fly;
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,

The ſilent Paths of Wiſdom trod,
 And baniſh'd ev'ry Paſſion from her Breſt,

But thoſe, the Gentleſt, and the Beſt,
 Whoſe Holy Flames with Energy Divine
 The virtuous Heart enliven and improve,
 The Conjugal, and the Maternal Love.

VI.

Sweet Babes, who, like the little playful Fawns,
 Were wont to trip along theſe verdant Lawns

By your delighted Mother's Side,
 Who now your Infant Steps ſhall guide?

Ah! where is now the Hand whole tender Care
 To ev'ry Virtue would have form'd your Youth,
 And ſtrew'd with Flow'rs the thorny Ways of Truth?

O Loſs beyond Repair!

O wretched Father, left alone
 To weep Their dire Misfortune, and Thy own !
 How shall thy weaken'd Mind, oppress'd with Woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's Grave,
 Perform the Duties that you doubly owe,

Now She, alas ! is gone,
 From Folly, and from Vice, their helpless Age to save ?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond Arms your fair Disciple tore,
 From these fond Arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual Love

To guard her Bosom from the mortal Blow ?
 Could not your fav'ring Power, *Aonian* Maids,
 Could not, alas ! Your Power prolong her Date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring Shades,
 Or under *Campden's* Moss-clad Mountains Hoar,

You open'd all your sacred Store,
 Whate'er your antient Sages taught,
 Your ancient Bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd Breast with all your Spirit
 Glow ?

VIII.

Nor then did *Pindus*, or *Castalia's* Plain,
 Or *Aganippe's* Fount your Steps detain,
 Nor in the *Theſpian* Vallies did you play;
 Nor then on ^a *Mincio's* Bank
 Beſet with Officers dank,
 Nor where ^b *Clitumnus* rolls his gentle Stream,
 Nor where through hanging Woods
 Steep *Anio* pours his Floods,
 Nor yet where ^d *Meles*, or ^e *Iſſus* ſtray.
 Ill does it now beſeem
 That of your Guardian Care bereft
 To dire Diſeaſe and Death your Darling ſhould be
 left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early Bloom,
 When light, fantaſtic Toys
 Are all her Sex's Joys,
 With you ſhe ſearch'd the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 And all that in her later Days
 To emulate her ancient Praise

^a The *Mincio* runs by *Mantua*, the Birth-place of *VIRGIL*. ^b The *Clitumnus* is a River of *Umbria*, the Reſidence of *PROPERTIUS*. ^c The *Anio* runs through *Tibur* or *Tivoli*, where *HORACE* had a Villa. ^d The *Meles* is a River of *Ionia*, from whence *HOMER*, ſuppoſed to be born on its Banks, is called *Meleſigenes*. ^e The *Iſſus* is a River at *Athens*.

Italia's happy Genius could produce;

Or what the *Gallia* Fire

Bright-sparkling could inspire,

By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;

Or what in *Britain's* Isle,

Most favour'd with your Smile,

The Pow'r of Reason and of Fancy join'd

To full Perfection have conspir'd to raise?

Ah what is now the Use

Of all these Treasures that enrich'd her Mind,

To blank Oblivion's Gloom for ever now consign'd!

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless Name

'Tis Yours from Death to save,

And in the Temple of immortal Fame

With golden Characters her Worth engrave.

Come then, ye Virgin Sisters, come,

And strew with choicest Flow'rs her hallow'd Tomb.

But foremost Thou, in sable Vestment clad,

With Accents sweet and sad,

Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his *Laura's* Urn

Unhappy *Petrarch* call'd to mourn,

O come, and to this fairer *Laura* pay

A more impassion'd Tear, a more pathetic Lay.

XI.

Tell how each Beauty of her Mind and Face
Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar Grace!

How eloquent in every Look

Thro' her expressive Eyes her Soul distinctly spoke!

Tell how her Manners by the World refin'd

Left all the Taint of modish Vice behind,

And made each Charm of polish'd Courts agree

With candid Truth's Simplicity,

And uncorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly Sense

She join'd the soft'ning Influence

Of more than Female Tenderness!

How in the thoughtless Days of Wealth and Joy

Which oft the Care of other's Good destroy,

Her kindly-melting Heart,

To ev'ry Want, and ev'ry Woe,

To Guilt itself when in Distress

The Balm of Pity would impart

And all Relief that Bounty could bestow!

Ev'n for the Kid or Lamb that pour'd its Life

Beneath the bloody Knife,

Her gentle Tears would fall,

As She the common Mother were of All.

XII.

Nor only Good, and Kind,
But Strong and Elevated was her Mind :

A Spirit that with noble Pride
Could look superior down

On Fortune's Smile, or Frown ;

That could without Regret or Pain
To Virtue's lowest Duty sacrifice

Or Int'rest's, or Ambition's highest Prize ;

That injur'd or offended never try'd

Its Dignity by Vengeance to maintain

But by magnanimous Disdain.

A Wit, that temperately bright,

With inoffensive Light

: All pleasing shone, nor ever past

The decent Bounds that Wisdom's sober Hand,

And sweet Benevolence's mild Command,

And bashful Modesty, before it cast.

A Prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,

That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,

That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward Fear

And without Weakness knew to be sincere.

D

Such,

Such LUCY was, when in her fairest Days
Amidst th' Acclaim of Universal Praise

In Life's and Glory's freshest Bloom
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
Tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent Streams of *Liris* glide,
In the soft Bosom of *Campania's* Vale,
When now the Wintry Tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes its Western Gale,
The verdant Orange lifts its beauteous Head:
From ev'ry Branch the balmy Flow'ers rise,
On ev'ry Bough the golden Fruits are seen;
With Odours sweet it fills the smiling Skies,
The Wood-Nymphs tend it, and th' *Italian* Queen:
But in the midst of all its blooming Pride
A sudden Blast from *Apenninus* blows
Cold with perpetual Snows:
The tender, blighted Plant shrinks up its Leaves, and
Dies.

XIV.

Arife, O *Petrarch*, from th' *Elyſian* Bowers
 With never-fading Myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with Ambroſial Flowers,
 Where to thy *Laura* thou again art join'd;
 Arife, and hither bring the Silver Lyre
 Tun'd by thy ſkilful Hand
 To the ſoft Notes of elegant Deſire,
 With which o'er many a Land
 Was ſpread the Fame of thy diſaſtrous Love:
 To me reſign the vocal Shell,
 And teach my Sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy Tale ſo well
 As may ev'n Things inanimate
 Rough Mountain Oaks, and deſart Rocks, to Pity
 move.

XV.

What were, alas ! Thy Woes compar'd to Mine?
 To Thee thy Miſtreſs in the bliſſful Band
 Of *Hymen* never gave her Hand:
 The Joys of wedded Love were never thine.

In

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In thy Domestick Care
She never bore a Share,
Nor with endearing Art
Would heal thy wounded Heart
Of ev'ry secret Grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond Affection on the Bed
Of Sickness watch thee, and thy languid Head
Whole Nights on her unwearied Arm sustain
And charm away the Sense of Pain:
Nor did she crown your Mutual Flame
With Pledges dear, and with a Father's tender Name.

XVI.

O Best of Wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy Virgin Charms
Were yielded to my Arms,
How can my Soul endure the Loss of Thee?
How in the World, to me a Desert grown,
Abandon'd, and alone,
Without my sweet Companion can I live?
Without thy lovely Smile,
The dear Reward of ev'ry virtuous Toil,
What Pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?

Ev'n

Ev'n the delightful Sense of well-earn'd Praise,
Unshar'd by Thee, no more my lifeless Thoughts
could raise.

XVII.

For my distracted Mind
What Succour can I find?
Or whom for Consolation shall I call?

Support me, ev'ry Friend,
Your kind Assistance lend
To bear the Weight of this oppressive Woe.

Alas! each Friend of mine
My dear, departed Love, so much was thine,
That none has any Comfort to bestow.

My Books, the best Relief
In ev'ry other Grief,
Are now with your Idea sadden'd all:
Each fav'rite Author we together read
My tortur'd Mem'ry wounds, and speaks of LUCY dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest Pair of Human kind!
The rolling Year its varying Course perform'd,
And back return'd again,

E Another,

Another, and another smiling came,
And saw our Happiness unchang'd remain :

Still in her Golden Chain
Harmonious Concord did our Wishes bind :
Our Studies, Pleasures, Tastes the same.

O fatal, fatal Stroke,
That all this pleasing Fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare Felicity,

On which ev'n wanton Vice with Envy gaz'd,
And ev'ry Scheme of Bliss our Hearts had form'd,
With soothing Hope, for many a future Day,

In one sad Moment broke !
Yet, O my Soul, thy rising Murmurs stay,
Nor dare th' All-wise Disposer to arraign,

Or against His supreme Decree
With impious Grief complain.

That all thy full-blown Joys at once should fade
Was His most righteous Will, and be that Will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond Love his Grace to her controul,
And in these low Abodes of Sin and Pain

Her pure, exalted Soul
Unjustly for thy partial Good detain ?

No---rather strive thy groveling Mind to raise
Up to that unclouded Blaze,

That heav'nly Radiance of eternal Light,
In which enthron'd she now with Pity sees

How frail, how insecure, how slight
Is ev'ry mortal Bliss,

Ev'n Love itself, if rising by Degrees
Beyond the Bounds of this imperfect State,
Whose fleeting Joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.

Rise then, my Soul, with Hope elate,
And seek those Regions of serene Delight,
Whose peaceful Path, and ever-open Gate,
No Feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his Pow'r e'er to divide you more.

F I N I S.



SEDA
20.5.22

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